

A

REVIEW

OF THE

Affairs of FRANCE:

With some Observations on TRANSACTIONS at Home.

Tuesday, February 27. 1705.

THE Author of this Paper, having gone thro' one Volume of it, purpos'd to have laid it down for several Reasons, which have been Publish'd in the latter Papers of that Volume. But the World will not permit him to pursue his Resolution that way, and the Generous Offers of some Gentlemen, tho' not yet perform'd, assuring him, That he shall not be a Loser by the Charge of it, he has Embark'd himself again.

And as, after this second Adventure, 'tis too late to look back; he yet more and more Endeavours to look forward, and before he enters upon Business, asks the Reader's leave to amuse them with one Paper, Special and Introductory.

His Title, A Review of the Affairs of France, he has resolv'd to Continue; but that Critical Objections may not have an Advantage against him on that Score, he gives them Notice, That the Course of things having, in the Process of the last Volume, brought him Home to England; if he makes some longer stay there than usual, he hopes it shall not be unprofitable, and believes the Reader will Excuse it, when the Particulars shall speak for themselves.

Whatever stay he shall make here, he resolves to reassume his Discourse of the Affairs of France, and, God willing, to go thro' all the Great Articles he has propos'd, but, perhaps, not so soon as he designed at first.

For this Reason, and to preserve the Coherence of his Text, he has added the Words, Transactions at Home, to the Title, at least, for these two Volumes.

If any Man shall Enquire, Why he could not Adjourn the present Affairs at Home, till the Story of France had been gone thro'? He Answers, The Emergency of our Affairs call for it: Our Trade, our Manners, our City, Country, Court, Navy, Army, and Church, all call for a share in the Subsequent Observations; and to have left them till they had been forgot, had been an unaccountable Omission, the other Articles being better qualified to keep Cold, and will be no colder, as to Memory, to Morrow than they are to Day.

The Author is under no Concern, in all the great Things before him, but to keep close to the Truth; as to the Prudential Fear some Men have, that Truth shall offend, he knows not what belongs to it, and thinks it would be an Affront to the Government, to suggest they can be offended with him for speaking the Truth.

He therefore, with Submission to his Superiours, gives his Word, That to the best of his Judgment, he will pay an Unbysst Inviolable Respect to Truth of Fact: As to Kings, and all in Authority, he

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he hopes to keep always within the Bounds of Decency and Good Manners, and pretends to know a little when and how to do so.

Having thus entered into the Field, in the Service of Truth and the Country, he craves leave to pay his just Homage to the Great Emperor and Decider of all Quarrels, Controversies and Debates in the World, Sovereign Truth humanely considered.

He desires the Reader's Candour; both for the Nature of the Essay, the Diction, the Verse, and the Manner, and promises not to be troublesome with his Poetry.

A Hymn to TRUTH.

IMmortal Truth, thou Counterpart of God,
Immenſe, and like him Bright, tho' Undiſcern'd;
Thou being Inconceiv'd and Underſtood.

By very few of Humane Race,
Tell us, Why Mortal Frauds aſſault thy Throne,
Aſſume thy Likeneſs, and thy Face Sublime
So aptly Counterfeit? Why mak'd they Itrive
To paſs for thy bright Self? How Crime and Guilt
Of Hell conceiv'd, and from the Place Surnam'd
Contaminate, can Heaven it ſelf Invade,
And Cloath'd in Robes of Truth, delude the World!

Darkneſs and Hell, with Tacit Guilt confeſs
Their Homage due to Truth——Since in their deep
Infernal Guile, they Covet Robes of Light,
And Counterfeit that very Truth they hate.
O forc'd Conceſſion to the Heavenly Power
Of Unreſiſted Truth, which like the Fiery Dart
From Thunder-bearing Cloud, not only burſts
With Noiſe and Terror, but with ſecret force
Pierces the Vitals, Drinks up all the Soul;
The Bolts and Bars, the Locks and Keys of Nature,
Man's Priſon, Melt with Penetrating Heat,
While Fleſh, th' Unthinking Paſſive Jaylor, Sleeps
Untouch'd; and like the Scabbard to the Sword,
Loſes, but miſſes not, the Molten Steel.

Hail Mighty Truth! Be thy Immortal Theme,
My Soul's Purſuit, and Subject of my Pen;
Pointed from thee, it ſteers thro' Storms and Crowds;
The Storms and Crowds, their awful Homage pay,
Theſe huiſh, and thoſe ſubmiſs with Guilty Fear,
Conceal their Bluſhing Fronts from Piercing Truth:
Pointed from thee, I fearleſs laſh the Age,
And bring their mighty Crimes upon the Stage.

Not Kings, nor Crowns, the Great, the ſeeming Wiſe,
Not high aſſembl'd Crowds of Tyrant Men,

Who

Who boast the vast Dispose of Mortal Power,
 Shall thy Unbyas'd Resolutions fright,
 They are but high Enchartr'd Mobs of Vice,
 With borrow'd Titles, Nature's gilded Toys,
 To wheedle Fools, and form the Cheats of State;
 Not Swords of Justice in the Hands of Might,
 Not Magisterial Purple, not the Laws
 Wrested by Parties——Not the World, but Truth,
 Immortal Truth shall be thy Fear, thy Guide,
 Thy POLE-STAR, PILOT, and thy happy PORT;
 The MIGHTY MEN; thy Theme, their MIGHTY RAGE, thy Sport :

Pointed with Truth, thy Lines shall Pierce the Soul
 Of Elevated high Distinguish'd Crimes ;
 Not Power or Posts shall fence against thy Pen,
 For who's too Great, or who too High for Truth ?
 What tho' among the mighty Rocks we steer,
 And often stave and split the shatter'd Bark ;
 The lofty Sails of Truth, will bear us thro',
 Will part the Threatning Waves, and Land us safe ;
 For Truth ne'er suffers Shipwrack, never dies,
 And he shall Live, that falls its Sacrifices.

Thou Sacred Flame of Bright Eternal Fire,
 My Pen with Heat, my Tongue with suited Phrases,
 Adapt and Fierce Touch from thy Weighty Hand.
 Invigorate with Force of mighty Stile,
 Magnificent and Awful, like thy Self,
 But Plain, thy Beauty, Glory and Delight.

Words spoke from Truth, will Truth's just Image bear,
 The Mighty Energy commands our Awe,
 Crime Trembles, and the Guilty Great retire
 From the strong Shock of thy convincing Force ;
 Before thee, all the Mighty Champions fly,
 Giants in Crime, and hardn'd in Offence.
 When strip'd of all the Gaudy Gay Excuse,
 The mean Pretences Custom makes for Crime,
 Silent, and Self-condemn'd, before thee stand,
 Confess thy Force, and shun thy Glorious Face.

What tho' thy Suppliant Votary appears
 Mean and Despis'd, unworthy this Employ,
 Plainness, thy Native Dress, becomes them best
 That would resemble Truth ; And who would not ?
 What tho' suppress'd by Injury, and Power,
 Neglected, Despicable, and Contemn'd ;
 Just so, Bright Goddess ! Thou hast always far'd :

And

And all that, *Charmed with thee*, presume to show
 Insulting Vice, their just respect to Truth,
 Shall *thus*, and *thus*, and *thus*, be always scorn'd ;
 Then *Fire my Soul*, with thy resistless Charms,
 And Words, that spight of Crime, shall *make Men bear*,
 With Efficacious Force Inspire *this Pen*,
 Lifted in thy just War, that *scorns the Pay*,
 As well as *Favour of the Greatest Prince*
 That *Owms thee not* ; and dedicate to thee,
Disdains to flatter mighty Men of Guilt.

Assist, Bright-Seraph ! In the Mighty Search
 And fill the flowing Pen with *Sovereign Truth*,
 That press'd from thee, the just Instructing Stile
 May *speak Conviction* to the Minds of Men,
 In spight of Prejudice, their Darken'd Thoughts
 Illumine, all their Wandring Errors scatter,
 And make the World its proper Ends pursue,
 By *Methods Just*, with Rules of Right and Truth ;
 Once let the Regulated Nations own
 The Unresisted Influence of *Truth*,
Immortal Truth ! Thou Counterpart of God,
 Man's Pattern, *Glory, Happiness, and Life*,
 His *Wisdom here*, and Pledge of *What's to come* ;
 His true *Denominating Quality* ;
All's Brute without it, horrid and deprav'd,
 The World a Stage of Violence and Blood,
 Big with Destruction, Brooding Monstrous Crimes,
 Insulting Heaven, and ripening apace
 To *Dissolution*, the Effect of Sin ;
 Bright Truth alone, makes the Disorder'd Globe
 A Habitable Clime ; and *when that fails*,
 The World must *cease*, her stated Time is come.

Blest Truth, this Pen from its most early Birth,
 Was *Dedicate to thee* ; and thro' fierce Storms
 Has dar'd thy Dreaded Standard to pursue,
 Nor has thy Dang'rous Service e're Declin'd,
 Diffown'd thee, Chang'd his Side, or Face, or Tale,
 Therefore Contemn'd, Insulted and Oppress'd ;
 Upon his Breast he shows the Scars he gain'd,
Bless'd Trophies ! in thy War his Boast and Glory ;
 For in thy Aid, who would not love to Die ?
 And he that Quits thee, lives with Infamy.